

Thank God

Skeme

Straight out that Inglewood city
Where the skinny niggas ride
You ain't really with this life
I can see it in your eyes
Chasing money everyday and everynight, until the casket
Drop on my head, give me bread
That's my last wish
My new girlfriend shitting on my last bitch
Liquor in my cup, probably darker than my past get
Yeah, I heard that life is what you make it
And that she's a bitch, but homie that my type of lady
See now, dollar after dollar
I need money and the power
And a bad red bitch steaming in my shower
Yeah, these are the days of our lives
Where it's real against the fraud
Lil homie, now pick a side
I said, dollar after dollar
More money and the power
And a bad red-bone bitch steamin in my shower
Yeah, these are the days of our lives
Where it's real against the fraud
Lil homie, now pick a side

I hear everybody talking about us
I could give a fuck
We been staying over there
But now it's time to live it up
On the road to the riches
I give a damn, a nigga saved
Hit my knees every night
Thank God a nigga paid

Look, see we just out here
Repping for what we came from
I be on that money
Fuck you think I got my name from?
Pops who I got the game from
And he will tell you
"Please do not confuse us with them lames, hun"
One, now it's over for that fuck shit
That's my letter to you
And cowards that you fuck with
Ask around, they'll tell you that we does this
Sox Gang bang, and tell a sucker to duck quick
Yeah, living the lyrics that I speak so
Money on my mind, dollar signs what I think about
Smoke strong, let a couple songs leak out
Flying through the clouds
Type of shit these haters dream about
Underrated but I'm never faded
Underground but the radio still sneaking plays
Two bitches, one me, my situation
Three's company, I'm trying to start a corporation

Every bitch I ever touched been a bad one

You probably mad at the fact that you never had one
Ain't a rapper around realer than my dad's son
Empty Rose bottles, where my gang ash blunts
See this is the life as we know it
Losers and broke bitches, two things that we never notice
I smoke potent, coupe rolling, roof open
Rubber bands on my stacks, they too big to fold it
And before I leave, I bring death to the beat
And let the listeners grieve
They know that, boy, I'm just keeping it G
And need you to do the same when you listen to me